

His Son Returns

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Summary: Inspired by H6. Michael's son Steven, who was brought up by Tommy Doyle 12 Years Later. Please R&R Chapter 3 is finally up Chapter 4 will be up ASAP...

1. Chapter 1

Inspired by the end off Halloween 6. Michael's son named Steven who was brought up by Tommy - 12 years later. Dr. Loomis was infected by the thorn he is Michael's Guardian also his son's. Will Dr. Garland (made up character, seeking a cure for young Steven, whom Dr. Loomis never found for his father) find out about the two Myers before it's too late?

Cast:-

Michael Myers

Steven (Myers) Doyle (Jamie's Son in H6)

Tommy Doyle

Dr. Loomis

Danny Strode (Kara Strode son in H6)

Chapter One

October 29th, Haddonfield, Illinois:

A young boy age only twelve sat in a room "empty room starring out of the window, his arms folded. He had short black hair, pale white face and he had deepest dead black eyes. He was watching the other boys and girls playing in the yard at the Haddonfield child clinic, dressed in Halloween costumes, with masks on, all playing, he was watching very patiently. They were all getting excited about Halloween tomorrow night, he never liked Halloween. He wasn't like

the rest and he couldn't understand why, maybe he was too young to.

Tommy Doyle decided to bring little Steven back to Haddonfield when he noticed he started having nightmares and he wanted some advice from Dr. Loomis. He knew that it was Michael Myers nieces, Jamie who had the baby, but he never knew who the father was. Although, the last time he saw Jamie, she did say it was Michael's " but that couldn't be possible " could it? But he did know he had a connection with Michael " and knew one day he would come looking for him and Haddonfield wasn't the best place to bring Steven to, but he didn't know what else to do. He thought Dr. Loomis would know. The only person who knew the truth about little Steven was in fact Dr. Loomis himself and he never told anybody in twelve years, that Michael was his father, partly to keep little Steven safe and partly because he didn't know how people would react to the news.

There was a sudden knock on the door and it opened very slowly, a tall man walked in followed by a short, stocky man, limping, clinging on a stick for support to keep him upright. The man walking on the stick was a face nobody in Haddonfield will forget in a hurry. Dr. Sam Loomis. And when he turns up, the town automatically think that trouble is around the corner. They are probably right, because it normally is. Especially this time of year. He approached the boy in the room. "Hello Steven" his voice was soft but also cracked in his age. He remembered when he used to say that to the boy's father many, many a year back when he would just turn to him and just stare right back at his face, through that mask with the blackest eyes, waiting. He had control over him know, he was the one who could keep him locked up and that was what he intended to do. Not Dr. Wynn. "Steven" he said again. "This is Doctor Garland" he introduced the tall man, dressed in a smart suit. "He is your Doctor from now on; he can help you more than I can."

Steven turned to Dr. Loomis. Loomis watched intently, he was just like his father; those dark eyes stared back at him. He swallowed at the thought. He was getting too old for this. He cursed himself in his head for letting this happen for so long. "I want you Dr. Loomis, my father has told me a lot about you" he said quietly " at least he could talk. Steven thought that Tommy was his father, ever since he found the boy in the toilets at the bus depot he had taken care of him. Nobody had told him any different. He seemed so innocent and harmless; those eyes told Loomis a different story, if only he knew who his real father was. He didn't even tell Dr. Garland that his father was in fact Michael Myers. He had locked that particular file away so nobody could read it. So the only one who knew the truth was in fact himself so he was the only one who could help the boy properly. To tell the truth he only involved Dr. Garland because when the time came he could pass the thorn on. Another victim. What did that make him?

"My dear boy" Dr. Loomis forwarded on Steven and grabbed him by the arm "You may not understand that what I'm doing for you know will in fact help you in later life. I will not always be around, Dr. Garland can give you more time than I can. Please listen to me"

"Dr. Loomis " I think I should take over from here" Dr. Garland said pulling Loomis away from the boy, he quickly grabbed his stick to keep his balance, taking a few deep breaths.

* * *

>Back at Smith Grove's, deep underground, the candles lit all around the room, burning slowly giving out the only light in the basement. A young woman walked down the lonely, dark corridor, aware of her surroundings. She seemed frightened as she continued down the endless passage. She grabbed her keys and started to shake as she found the right key to open a metal gate. She walked through and closed it behind her and locked it back up again. Her footsteps echoed as she came to her destination. Michael Myers cell. She was the one who had to check up on him, everyday. She wasn't aloud to tell anyone about it and she certainly didn't like the job, but she had no choice. It was under Dr. Loomis's orders. <p>She peered through the cell door, carefully not getting too close. Michael was sitting, straight backed against the wall. He never moved from that position, he seemed so patient, he moved his head from side to side slowly as if he was studying the woman that stood outside the cell. His white mask illuminated in the dark cell. "That's it for another day Michael" she said, she looked away from the cell containing Michael, you could tell she was frightened by the way she sounded and she would be glad to get out of this place. She would have to come down here tomorrow â€" Halloween of all daysâ€" She turned around and as she did she didn't notice Michael get to his feet. She checked the time with her watch â€" half four it read. She sighed. She turned back round and jumped at the sight of the man standing in front of her. He slipped his hand through the bars quickly, before she could get away and grabbed her by the neck firmly. She wasn't aware of how close she had been standing next to the cell. She struggled in his grip. "Michael!" she screamed, finding it hard to catch her breath as his grip tightened around her neck. He seemed to study her, before concentrating back, to what he was doing. He lifted her off the ground and held her up in the air with one hand around her neck. She shook violently, a few seconds went by and she hung lifelessly in his grip and her shoes slipped off her feet slowly. With his other hand he searched her pockets for the keys and found them. He let her drop to the floor and tried every key before coming to the right one which opened his cell.<p>

Michael grabbed the woman he just killed by her feet and dragged her into his cell. He placed her by the wall where he was sitting and walked back out closing the doors behind him. He stared at her, studying her, examining her. He kicked her shoe's in the shadows before slowly turning and walking, making his way out of Smith Grove once again.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2

Steven after seeing Dr. Garland was sent to bed early, before any of the other kids. He lay awake in the dark room, he couldn't get to sleep. He tossed and turned in his bed, before settling on his back. The wind blew the trees outside the building against the window; Steven glanced over and pulled his bed sheet up over his head. It had started to rain outside and the thunder didn't help the boy get to sleep.

A few moments went by and Steven eased himself out of bed and made his way over to the window. He glanced out of it, the street was

empty and the rain was coming down hard. He closed the curtains and at that point a flash off lightning lit up the room. Steven made his way back over to his bed, slipped under his sheet and tried to go to sleep. The boy didn't notice a man, unseen man in a white mask stand in a shadow off a tree, just opposite the clinic, starring at the window where Steven had just appeared in. He didn't move. As another flash of lightning lit up the whole road the shape behind the tree had disappeared as if nobody was standing there in the first place.

"You can't have the baby Michael." A woman said, before rolling over, blood dripping down her mouth. "You can't have him Michael" she said again. A man walked passed her, and Steven couldn't make out who he was.

"Michael â€" you can stop this â€" tell them who the baby belongs to" The woman was know lying on the floor, surrounded by candles, flickering. "It's yours isn't it?" She rolled over again and faced the man. And know Steven had a clear view off him. A white mask, covering up the man's features, dressed in black overalls, holding a knife in his right hand. Just starring, emotionless.

The setting changed again and a man, dressed in a black appears. Steven couldn't see his face as it was hid under a hat. "Kill for your father Steven" He said to the boy in his mind, and lifted a long kitchen knife into view his voice was deep and inhuman.

Steven sat up suddenly, screaming. He was dreaming, more of a nightmare â€" a flashback from when he was just a baby. "No, No, No" he yelled. "Get awayâ€" He felt arms wrap around him and he lashed out at the nurse which had come running in to comfort him. He was on his feet, standing straight has if he was paralyzed, starring up at the nurse. He was shaking slightly and the nurse kneeled down in front of him.

"It's just a dream Steven" The nurse said soothingly, running her hands gently up and down the boy's arms. He was freezing and the nurse quickly found him a sweeter and slipped it over his head. "Nobodies going to hurt you â€" you're safe here" she reassured him.

Steven turned his head to the nurse slowly, before shaking it from side to side forcefully. "His coming for me, he said my name" he said.

The nurse gestured for him to come and sit next to her on the bed. For a moment he didn't move but he found his feet and started to walk over to her and sat down on the bed beside her. He folded his arms, as if he was cuddling himself from the cold. "Who's coming for you?" The nurse asked. Steven didn't answer her, and she asked again and was met by silence. She sighed. Kids and their imaginations "Come on, lets get you back into bed"

The nurse stood up and as she did a flash of lightning, lit the room up, followed by a massive bang and Steven jumped. He quickly crawled under the bed sheets again and the nurse wrapped him up. She turned on her heels to leave and Steven grabbed her arm she quickly turned back to him to see if he was OK. He didn't talk for a moment. "Will you stay until I get to sleep?" He asked.

The nurse glanced back through the door, down the passageway, leading to other rooms. She had to keep an eye on the other children in the clinic, she wouldn't be able to hear them if they wanted her if she was in Steven room. "I have toâ€¦"

"Pleaseâ€¦" Steven begged her, before she could say anything else. He still had hold of her arm and he tighten his grip slightly. "I'm scared" he said timidly

"Alright" She sighed, making her mind up and sat on the edge of the bed. Steven relaxed slightly and closed his eyes still holding the nurse arm, which she moved and held his hand gently. He had some strength for his age.

He walked around the front of the clinic; Dr. Loomis's car pulled up outside and three men had gotten out of it. He stepped back away into the shadows, as the men made their way up to and disappeared into the clinic. He watched. There was nobody else in the street. The rain had slowed but it was still coming down. His breathing was calm as he made his way back around the rear of the building. He stood just in front of Steven's window â€" the curtains had been closed so he couldn't see inside. He stood for a moment just starrng through that particular window, starrng at the crease where the curtains had been folded. He touched the window with one of his hands and tilted his head to one side slightly. At that point a flash of lightning followed by a roar of thunder sounded and lit up the window Michael was standing near.

The nurse that had been staying with Steven noticed the shadow of an outline of a man outside, touching the window and seemed to be looking where she was sitting, jumped as the lightening flashed and lit the room up. She swallowed as she got to her feet. She slowly made her way over to the window, making as little noise as she could on the creaky floorboards underneath the thin carpet. She got to the window and reached out her hand curiously to see who it was outside. 'Who would be out in this weather at this time of night' she thought to herself. As her hand came closer to the curtain it started to shake uncontrollable. She took a deep breathe and as she did so plucked up the courage to pull back the curtain. Nobody was outside. She took a sigh of relief; she didn't like the look of that shadow â€" unless there was nobody out there in the first place, probably her eyes playing tricks on her. She stepped closer to the window and peered out of it for a better look. Nobody was in sight. She nodded to herself and closed the curtains back up.

Michael then stood up from below the window sill and slowly began to walk into the shadows on the night.

The nurse smiled to herself and leaned back on the window ledge, she was so stupid for thinking people would actually be out in this weather. Although she did certainly think she saw somebody. She shook her head. She then tip toed over to Steven, peered down at him, he seemed to be sleeping know. He smiled again, before tip toeing quite fast out of the room and down the passage. She was going to check up on the other children while she had the chance and Steven was sleeping. She glanced behind her as she rounded the corner and bumped into somebody. She screamed and turned quickly to face who it was. It was Dr. Loomis.

"Oh, I'm sorry Doctor Loomisâ€¦" She said and noticed the two other

men, Dr. Garland and Tommy and she acknowledged them.

"It's fine ma'am. Is the boy alright?" He asked.

She nodded "He woke up early from having a bad dream, but he seems fine know."

"Good, good" Loomis smiled and held his walking stick tightly as the nurse walked past him and the two others. The nurse relaxed even more when she saw them.

"Erm. Dr. Loomis" She turned back round and he turned to face her. "Did you, by any chance, or any off you, walk around the back off the building just know?" she asked. She had to make sure.

"No dear" Came Loomis voice and the other two shook their heads. "May I ask why?"

"Oh, nothing" She smiled "it's just I thought I saw someone peering through Steven's room window that's all â€" but I guess I was wrong" She turned and walked away, disappearing into another room.

Dr. Garland continued walking up to Steven's room. "In this weather â€" they must be crazy" He to disappeared around the corner, leading up too his destination leaving Tommy and Dr. Loomis.

Tommy grabbed Loomis by the arm before he could start to walk away. "You have got him locked up haven't you?"

Loomis stumbled to gain his balance and rested against the wall. "Yes my old friend, he is locked up, high security vaults, no way could he get out. The only way he could get out is unless someone let him out. I have that power of him know" Loomis wasn't defending Michael, he truly thought he was still locked up â€" he didn't know about his latest escape as yet!

"How can you be so sure â€" you couldn't even manage to keep him locked up the first time rounds, what makes you think you can do it know?" Tommy said defensively.

Loomis sighed "I have known Michael, since he was a child â€" like young Steven in there and younger. I believe I can keep in locked up, trust me. If people had listened to me in the first placeâ€" he gripped his stick even harder, clenching his fist around it. "I could have made a difference back then â€" I still can do it know." He started to walk, hitting his walking stick against the floor hard as he went.

"I'll take you're word for it 'Dr. Loomis'" Tommy said. "But if anything happens to that boy in there, I'llâ€" I'llâ€"!"

"You will what Tommy?" Loomis raised his voice slightly, and Tommy had never seen him do that before. "Make your own decisions; you think you can bring down Michael Myers by yourself do you? Well go ahead, I won't stop youâ€"!" Tommy noticed that was a bit out off character, seeing has he did stop Michael once. His stone ruins and his blood worked. But it didn't stop him permanently, but it did give everybody time.

"I have trusted you; I have followed your word all the way through

this situation. I have followed Michael Myers since I was a child myself. Lived over the road from his house, watched every Halloween for his return, so, no the one thing I disagree with you on his that you can keep him locked up, because he always finds a way out in the end."

"Endâ€¦ There is never going to be an end" Loomis starred at Tommy, before turning back and continuing up the passage. Tommy stood for a moment in silence, thinking, before he too caught up with Dr. Garland and Loomis.

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3

A garage not far from the Haddonfield Clinic, on some spare ground â€" nobody was about apart from a man who was sitting inside the garage which could be seen from the main high street, whistling to a tune on the radio. He was facing out the back of the garage door towards where his car was parked and beyond that there was a small field. The rain had been coming down for quite sometime now and the man decided he was going to close up. No body would be out in this weather. They would be mental if they were.

He closed and locked the main door and switched the radio off leaving the rear door open. He left his keys on the counter as he began to go about closing the garage and making sure everything was done before he left. He leaned on the counter with his back to the door which was open going through the routine check. The door behind him started to close ever-so-slowly and with a creak it banged loud against its frame. The man jumped and turned quickly around to see the door swing slowly back open. "Hello" He called through. Nothing came in reply.

He got to his feet and placed the clipboard he had on the counter. He made his way over to the door and examined it. It seemed fine to him and it never did that before. He peered out the door and around the back of the garage. "Hello" He called again. "Sorry but if you are looking for fuel you'll have to try another garage â€" we are closed." He said and stepped outside, getting automatically wet as he did so â€" thunder roared above him, lightning flashed in the distance. He peered around the front of the building â€" no body was about and if there was they had no car so they couldn't have wanted fuel. He shook his head and thrust his hands in his pockets as he jogged back pasted his car and inside closing the door behind him and turned around. He froze.

"If this is a joke then it's certainly not funny" He struggled to get his words out at first, at the sight of a man wearing that white mask everyone around Haddonfield was terrified off. He had gotten used to people dressing up as Michael Myers a few days before and on Halloween trying to scare people and the realistic of it still hadn't worn off on him. He swallowed as no reply came. He thought that this was somebody's sick joke; he was unlucky tonight because in fact it was the real Michael Myers. Michael started too walked towards him and the man struggled to find the door handle, he glanced down at his hands and they were shaking. He found the handle and opened the door forcing himself back outside, missing his footing and fell into a pool of water on floor. He quickly tried to get to his feet, slipping

slightly in the wet conditions as Michael appeared in the doorway and grabbed him. The man threw punches towards the white mask but he didn't seem to react or feel anything and he didn't back down. Michael grabbed the man by his neck firmly and the man struggled in his grip, it was too strong. Michael turned the man's head right around his body with his bare hands and watched him fall to the floor dead. All Michael wanted was some form of transport, and the garage was the best place to come, the man had simply gotten in the way.

Michael made his way back into the main part of the garage, took the keys that lay on the counter and continued to the car that was parked up. He managed to get inside and within the next few minutes he started it up. It was a Dodge Ram Sport classic, with tinted windows. He slowly pulled away from the garage, as another car pulled on. Michael straightened up on the main road and stopped, watching the other car for a moment before pulling away, heading back for the Haddonfield child clinic.

****October 31****st****, Haddonfield, Illinois, Halloween! ****

Steven woke to find Dr. Garland, Dr. Loomis and Tommy all waiting for him in the waiting area and after breakfast he went over to them. They had been there practically all night keeping an eye on Steven and at one point Tommy fell asleep himself.

Most of the other children in the clinic had already gotten themselves dressed in their Halloween costumes and masks and the rest were sorting themselves out with one. One of the nurses at the clinic had brought in some costumes and the children that were unlucky and didn't have one were grouping around her excitedly. Steven shook his head when Dr. Garland suggested that Steven should go and pick one out for himself and replied forcefully saying "I don't want one!" This was true he didn't want one. Halloween just felt wrong to him, it always had and he didn't want to celebrate it like the others. He turned away from Dr. Garland and went to stand by Tommy and Loomis. Loomis placed a hand on the boy's shoulder and told him to go to the activities room and they would be along in a few minutes. The boy nodded and did what he was told.

Dr. Garland stared at Dr. Loomis for a moment and watched Steven disappear in the activities room. He turned to Tommy as he sat down beside him. "Are you the boy's father?" he asked.

Dr. Loomis forwarded slightly "Yes he is!" he answered the question for Tommy, straining his voice slightly. Tommy looked up at Loomis who seemed to nod slyly.

"I was asking Tommy" Dr. Garland said and turned back to him.

"Ermâ€¦ Yes I am" Tommy replied with a slight nod.

"What about Steven's mother?" Dr. Garland asked.

Tommy glanced up at Loomis, before turning back to Dr. Garland. "She died" he said. Tommy had never seen Jamie again since that Halloween twelve years ago. He didn't know whether she was dead or alive. He looked up at Loomis and he nodded â€" he wasn't sure whether that was to say yes Jamie was dead or yes carry on what you are saying.

"Ah, I see." Dr. Garland said, and took a little note book out off his jacket pocket and started to take notes of everything Tommy was telling him. "How did she die?" He stopped writing and looked back at Tommy. Tommy bowed his head. "I'm sorry, if you don't want to tell me that is fine, but it would help"

Tommy nodded. "It was on Halloween" Dr. Loomis shuffled slightly, he didn't want Tommy telling Dr. Garland about Michael Myers. "It was raining; she lost control of the vehicle she was driving and crashed into a barn" Tommy said.

"I understand why Steven doesn't like Halloween know" Garland nodded. "That's probably why he is dreaming as well â€" flashbacks"

"Steven was only a baby when it happen" Tommy said

"Things can affect people in different ways. Some can be affected straight away, some can be affected in there later life. Something as tragic as that may certainly be playing on young Steven's mind" Dr. Garland said.

"You don't understand" Tommy said. "He wouldn't have rememberedâ€|"

"I think we should leave it there for know Doctor Garland" Dr. Loomis said "You can see, Tommy here isn't really up to talking about it" Dr. Garland agreed and stood up, placing his note book back in his pocket. "I can proscribe a low dosage of sleeping piles for Steven, which should help him sleep a little better" he said and Tommy nodded gratefully.

Dr. Garland gestured he was going to get himself a drink and walked away, leaving Tommy and Dr. Loomis. Tommy watched Garland go and disappear around a corner and stood up automatically. "Why are you protecting him?" Tommy raised his voice slightly. It drew attention to them he quieten down slightly. Loomis knew exactly what he meant.

"I have been Michael Doctor for many a year Tommy, way before you were born. I think I know him better than you do" Dr. Loomis said, this time he was quite and didn't strain his voice. He turned around and started to hobble on his stick towards where Steven had been sent to.

Tommy walked up behind him. "Dr. Loomis, can I ask you something?" He too was quite this time.

Dr. Loomis turned and nodded. "Anything" he replied.

"Is Steven, Michael Myers son?" he asked, mere then a whisper.

Dr. Loomis was quiet for a moment. He wasn't sure weather to say anything at all. Seeing as Tommy had guessed then he should tell him the truth. He slowly began to nod. "Yes he is. But you promise me you won't tell Dr. Garland a single word of it" Tommy didn't know what had hit him. He had guessed a many of time that this was the case, but he couldn't bring himself to face the truth. Know he heard it from Dr. Loomis mouth and he was forced to believe it. Tommy went quiet altogether. "Promise me!" Loomis strained his voice

again.

"But how?" Tommy could only find them words to say, it was like someone had gagged him.

Dr. Loomis shook his head. "It's complicated"

"You seem to know more than you are letting on, Dr Loomis" Tommy had found his voice. "Don't you think I have a right to know the truth after twelve years of bringing him up?"

"The truth will come when it's time" Loomis said. "Know you won't breath a word to Doctor Garland" Tommy didn't answer and continued to walk towards the activates room. "It's for the dear boys own good, you can't tell anyone" Loomis struggled, as he tried to catch up with Tommy. Tommy stopped just outside the room where Steven was and Loomis stopped as well and peered through the top of the door into the room. Steven was sat in one off the corners away from the other kids, drawing. "When Jamie was a child, she went to school and people used to bully her because Michael was her Uncle. They thought she was just like him. They threw bricks in her bedroom windows with threatening notes." Loomis grabbed Tommy by his arm. "Think off what people will do if they found out Steven was his Son â€" it'll be worse. Much worse. Please I'm begging you, don't tell anybody."

"And what if he turns out like his father?" Tommy asked disgusted.

"He won't" Dr. Loomis said. "Michael needs to get to him. Yes Steven witnessed the thorn ritual when he was just baby, he can't remember, but it is there and to do any good Michael needs to be near him before the actually thorn can be passed on to his next to kin. Michael is locked up and can not get anywhere near Steven â€" I'll take you to him if you don't believe me."

That didn't make Tommy feel any better but he didn't have a chance to reply because Dr. Garland was approaching them. Tommy thought that he had a right know if he could help Steven more, but he understood where Loomis was coming from about if people found out about Steven. He was just in the middle of things and his head was spinning. He wasn't sure what to do and he was beginning to not trust Loomis. He was different and Tommy could understand why.

End
file.